

A TRUE
CHARACTER
OF
Popery and Jesuitism,
THE NEW
ATLANTIS.
A
POEM.

In Three Books.

With some Reflections upon the
HIND and PANTHER.

The Second Edition.

By THOMAS HETRICK, M. A.

Printed for the Author. 1690.



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**A TRUE
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Advertisement.

THis Poem was first Printed when there was apparent Danger in the Author's owning it ; not from the Author of the *Hind and Panther*, for Mr. Dryden's Pen is grown as dull as his Sword, but from the Party against whom it was writ, whose usual Answers are not by Pens. I have a great while expected a Reply, and if the long Silence proceeds from Contempt, I appeal to those that know Mr. Dryden's Estate, Reputation, Morality and Honesty, whether I may not return it. And if Rage in him may supply the place of Wit, I am content for once that he should believe this was writ by that despicable Creature (in his Opinion) a Country Curate, or a Phlegmatick Gown-man.

One thing I cannot pass by, which is the incomparable Modesty of one Mr. John Carter, who in a Satyr on the late Chancellor Jefferys set before a Pamphlet, called *The bloody Assizes*, takes out 24 Verses out of my Character of *Bavius* in this Poem, and inserts them in his own, without ever mentioning from whence he borrowed them: So that I know not with what Face he can tax the Injustice of that Lord (though that can never be vindicated) when in his very first Act he copys from him.

Thomas Heyrick.



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To the Reader.

WHEN the Pamphlet of the Hind and the Panther came out under so celebrated a Name, and was blown about by some interess'd little Fellows; I read it with as much eager desire as Curiosity could possibly create, reasonably supposing, the utmost could be said for the Cause of the Hind was there, and if Troy was to be defended, it would be by the Hand of such an Hero. But it cannot be imagined what a surprize I was in to find, that all the seemingly dreadful Host prov'd no more than that ridiculous Army drawn up upon the Mountains, which once made even Alexander stand, but was afterwards with laughter found to be but Troops of Apes. It was very surprizing at first sight, as Ostriches in the Desarts are said to be to the Caravans of Merchants, appearing a far off like Horsemen, yet are discern'd upon a nearer approach to be the most stupid and senceless of all Fowls. Indeed for its bulk it imitated one of the mock Elephants Semiramis made use of in her Indian Expedition, all Straw within, and covered with Beasts Hides without.

The Author (whatever he may otherwise have attain'd) hath got sure little credit by it, except he intended it religiously as a piece of mortification, or politickly design'd to annex the Fame of a Prophet to that of a Poet, by making out what he so long since foretold, his fumbling Age of Poetry.

The Cause he pretends to vindicate, he hath much revild by defending it so ill, and it hath made not a few think he plaid booty, or at least took his measures from that Gracian Orator and Politician, who intending in a great danger to perswade his Countrymen to Arms, made his Declamation for Peace, but he brought

To the Reader.

brought such weak Arguments, that according to his design they prov'd the greatest Incitements to a War. The Person that vindicates the Hind and the manner of it, makes men naturally reflect upon the Religion of Ancient Rome, whose chief Propagators and Defenders were their Poets. This is sure whether the Religion of Antient and Modern Times differ or no, the Policy and Discipline doth, for the Ancient Romans never reserv'd their Velites to the last.

To the following Poem I shall say little, such as it is you have it, it is my comfort the Justice of my Cause supplies my Defects. Yet I am bold to say, that there is not the least part said against the Cause of the Hind of what might have been; and was ready, and even those things which are said are softned over and over; many things left out in point of Prudence, but many more out of good Manners. I have been as cool and moderate as Truth would let me; and if there remains any bitterness, I had it from the Author of the Hind and Panther in his Preface and Poem of Religio Laici, which indeed is a Confutation of his Hind and Panther before hand. I have took no Poetical Licence in any of my Allegations, they may abundantly be prov'd out of the Writings of the Hinds own Party. So that there is this difference between the Task of my Adversary and me, That what I assert is truth, and ready proved to my hand, and what my Adversary accuses the Panther of is perfect Invention and Calumny, which he drudg'd hard for; and therein I give him the better: I have done as good Sportsmen do, who will not destroy all the Game, but reserve them for their future Recreation and Sport.

THE

THE NEW ATLANTIS.

THE FIRST PART.

WHEN Great *Columbus* a discovery made
Of a New World in distant Climates spread
Behind a Scene of Seas, beneath a shade :

Unknown to Ages that did uselessly,
(He half creates that doth a Coast descry.)

The News with doubtful wonder was receiv'd,
Men list'ned out for what they scarce believ'd;
Would hear, tho' at the cost of being deceiv'd.

But when each day did with new Wonders swell,
And fresh discoveries did the truth reveal,

Mens Minds did rove to each far distant shore,
I th' widened World their Souls extended more,
Confin'd within too narrow bounds before.

Yet for so great Attempts *Columbus* found
But some dark Stories, an uncertain Ground,

Some scatter'd Papers of a Sea-man, tost
By chance or Tempest on an unknown Coast.

Brave daring Soul! and sharp judicious Eye,
That at such distance could new Worlds descry!

And from such Hints the great Attempt durst try.

To

To thee th' old World doth her chief Treasures owe,
 Whether the new one is oblig'd or no,
 'Twould be too daring hopes to pleasure two.
 Thy great Example may brave Spirits bind,
 The same desire of knowledge swells the Mind,
 And Curiosity is unconfin'd.
 News is as welcome, and doth fly as fast,
 As various too, as 't did in Ages past.
 Nature has left for each succeeding Age,
 Something that may their warm pursuit engage.
 Something yet undiscover'd, that may be
 Reward to Art, and Spur to Industry.

A new Discovery of a World is made,
 Grounds of Belief more than *Columbus* had.
 Ignoble Souls may sleep at home, the brave
 And those that dare th' expected prize may have,
 The yet conceal'd Treasures wide may ope,
 And stretch their Conquests beyond bounds of hope.
 In farthest Climes (for so my Charts advise)
 But where not known, the New *Atlantis* lies,
 The Pride of Earth, and Favourite of the Skies.
 Secure as *India* lyes the blessed Isle,
 E're curst *Spaniard* press'd the Virgin Soil,
 And did th' unstained Earth with gore defile.
 E're he with arrogant Rage insulting stood,
 Trampling upon th' unpittied suppliant Crowd,
 And *Romes* Foundation once more laid in Blood.
 Safe and untouch'd she prides in Native Joys,
 Bless'd in her self doth foreign help despise,
 Her self a World, that World a Paradise.

Fruitfulness crowns her bosom, Peace her head,
Elizean fields below, and Heaven above is spread.
 Sweetly she sleeps, nor doth dread angry Fate,
 She knows no fear, and so she knows no hate :
 Her Virgin Breast no Strangers Love admits,
 At once deaf to their Courtship and their Threats.
 Oft do they storm, and oft do undermine,
 Unwearied Valour do with cunning joyn ;
 Now show rank Malice, now pretended Love,
 But guarded by an unseen Power above,
 Like her own Cliffs she doth the Seas command ;
 Fix'd as the Rocks on which the World doth stand,
 Undaunted doth the dreadful Prospect take,
 And smiles upon the Waves that on her *Basis* break.

Her Wondrous Situation's yet unknown,
 Whether i' th' torrid or the temperate *Zone*,
 Whether i' th' unknown Southern Coasts she's laid,
 Or i' th' *Pacifick* Sea her bosome's spread ;
 Whether she be the floating Isle of old,
 Or *Solomon's Ophir* whence he fetch'd his Gold :
 Or whether she i' th' middle Regions lyes,
 An Entercourse between the Earth and Skies,
 Where some wild Heads do place the seat of Paradise.
 Or whether she be situate in the Star
 That late appear'd in *Cassiopeia's* chair.
 Few are the Charts of the Mysterious Land,
 Few the Discoveries of the Antick strand :
 Some few blest Chance hath cast upon the shore,
 Few with design the hidden Coast explore.

Rude stories of the Mystick Land are made,
 No Sea-marks seen, no guiding Isles are spread,
 No certain Blasts or *Trade-winds* thither lead.

Wondrous the site, more wondrous yet the Soil,
 The Creatures, Customs, and the Fruits oth' Isle;
 Strange as *Chimaras*, and surprizing more
 Than did the Rarities oth' *Indian* shore
 When first admiring *Europe* saw the store.

Strange as th' Earth did to new made *Adam* look,
 Or Heaven to' a Soul just into Glory took.
 The fruitful Soil with living Palmes is set,
 Which grow by storms, flourish beneath the weight:

The more they are depress'd the more they rise,
 And lift their labouring Branches to the Skies,
 O'er which a Pelican yet bleeding flies.

She and her Brood in holy Incense flame,
 Love and are lov'd, and ever are the same,
 A Love and tenderness that wants a Name.

A Warlike Off-spring fills the Region round,
 For Loyal Courage and Devotion crown'd.
 No need that *Cadmus* Serpents teeth should sow,
 For armed men in every Furrow grow.

Her Off-springs bosoms her defence do boast,
 Not Citadels and Forts, or foreign Host,
 Even wooden Castles do secure her Coast.

Her sailing Ships the Oceans Breast do plow,
 And fruitful Harvests from the Labour grow,
 Each swelling Tyde the vast increase doth show.

A fairer Prospect than the watry Field,
 Spread with *Sargossa*, to the Eye doth yield,

When

When flowry Plants thick set bedeck the Main,
 And the deluded Eye believ't a Plain.
 Perpetual Light doth o'er her borders shine,
 Not borrow'd, but Æthereal and Divine.
 While other Nations grope in shades of Night,
 This Blessed *Goshen* ever hath a Light.
 Wonders and Rarities the Land do blefs,
 Her Truths out-do the fabulous Lyes of *Greece*,
 Without are golden Mines, within the Golden Fleece.

Here, if the Annals of the Place be true,
 Which faithful Eyes with Care did lately view;
 Down the dark Roads of long Antiquity,
 Even from Times Cradle and first Infancy,
 While other Nations under Rubbish lay,
 No leading Clue to guide the untrack'd way,
 Successive Kings this glorious Realm did sway.
 A God-like Race, whose Line extends so high
 They seem the Partners of Eternity.

And as the Sons of God, an heavenly Line
 Once with mens Daughters did in marriage Joine,
 And so a Warlike Valiant Issue made,
 That o'er the World with boundless Empire sway'd:
 The true Heroick Stamp i' th' Composition laid.
 So these to Neighbour Earthly Kings ally'd,
 (As Heathen Gods oft chose a Mortal Bride)
 Begot a Race in ancient Ages known
 Gigantick Heroes, Men of high Renown,
 The Pride of Earth and Heaven i' th' mixture thrown.
 Thro' Times Abyss th' uninterrupted Line
 With sparkling Steps and Characters doth shine

Brighter in every Age the lustre grows,
 Accession of new Rays new Light compose.
 So when the Sun breaks from th' Abyss of Night,
 Each moment gives a more resplendent Light :
 Brighter and brighter still the shades do clear,
 Till the Sun's beauteous Chariot doth appear.
 Each nearer Age new growth of Fame doth get,
 Until in one Time's dispers'd Wonders met,
 Do crown that Glorious Prince now fills the Throne,
 As Stars united make a Constellation.
 So spacious Nile whose secret Head's unknown,
 Lost in vast Lakes, or Mountains of the Moon,
 Great in his Extraſt, yet doth greater grow
 By Tributary Streams that to him flow :
 As by vast Realms his fruitful Waters glide,
 The humbler Rivers all with comely pride
 Mix with his mighty waves, and in the same
 Do willingly lose their ignoble name ;
 Till swell'd too great for his vast Banks to hold,
 With new supplies grown vigorous and bold,
 O're the wide Land his rowling Waves are tost,
 Which with Prolifick heat enrich the barren Coast.

Nor came the Glorys of his Line alone,
 Him do all the united Virtues crown,
 E're scatter'd did his Mighty Predecessors own.
 One fam'd for Arts of Peace, and this for War,
 Valour did this and Justice that prefer ;
 A single Virtue could a Monarch's Glory rear.
 All things below an Infinite are poor,
 And despicable is confined store.

Compar'd to him, alas, how low they fall,
 They'r priz'd for single Vertues, He for all.
 So the weak scatter'd Rays of doubtful Light,
 While o'er the *Chaos* hung black shades of Night,
 Mix'd with the Mafs onely th' Abyfs could show,
 As Lightning makes the Night more dreadful grow ;
 Till rallying their united Rayes in one,
 The distant parts into one Center run,
 Did make that glorious Light we call the Sun.

Beneath this mighty Monarch's Princely shade
 (The greatest Trust that e're on Man was laid)
 An high-born Native Princess safely lyes,
Cæsar is her Defender, *Heaven* is His.
 Humbly on Earth she makes her low abroad,
 Heaven is her Right, there married to a God :
 Pure is her Mind, and Beauteous is her Face,
 Her look bespeaks an high Æthereal Race :
 Ancient, yet Youth and Beauty still i'th' Prime,
 As Seraphims that know not the decays of Time.
 A charming Modesty dwells in her Eye,
 Eternal *Truth* from her blest *Lips* doth fly,
 And her extended *Arms* shew boundless Charity.
 Plain, and yet rich, her comely Garments flow,
 Rich in Intrinsick value, not in show,
 Grave and severe, as modest Matrons use,
 Not such as Strumpets to their Lust abuse :
 No tawdry Gallantry, th' effects of Pride,
 (Affected Garbs and Motions set aside)
 No Paint nor Patches which lost Beauty hide.

Order and Symmetry each part doth show,
 No Spots upon her Milk-white Face do grow,
 Onely what bold-fac'd Lyes and Envy throw.
 Lies that even *Greece* out-do, whose fruitful Brain
 The Beauteous Heaven with monstrous Shapes did stain,
 And fill'd with Beasts and Snakes th' Æthereal Plain.
 Unshaken Loyalty her Breast doth fill,
 No Jealousies can move 't, nor Injury kill.
 Reviled and contemned, yet She's true,
 And Vertue doth for Vertues sake pursue.
 Rewards mean Souls may unto Actions train,
 They'r truely generous, that great Deeds maintain,
 No prospect laid of Interest and Gain.
 When Rebels force at Majesty did aim,
 And spurious Blood Inheritance did claim :
 With Loyal Rage and Fury up She rose,
 Expos'd her beauteous Bosom to her Foes :
 Beauteous as Truth She rose, whose awful sight
 Dispels the Mists of Error, Shades and Night,
 And makes the Fiends betake themselves to flight.
 Powerful as Heaven she rose, when all around
 The Orbs with Martial Noises did rebound,
 And th' Musick of the Sphears no more did sound.
 When hostile Troops thro' frighted Sphears did haste,
 And th' road to Heavens high *Empyreum* past,
 When *Michael* o'er the conquer'd Rebels stood,
 And *Lucifer* and all his Train sunk in the fiery flood.
 Alone she rose, no friendly help was nigh,
 Alone she did the doubtful Battel try,
 And bore the Wounds were struck at Majesty.

Her

Her Martial Sons stop'd Hells impetuous Course,
 And her devout ones took even Heaven by force,
 Brought humane help, and heavenly Aid call'd down,
 Dispell'd the Foe, and doubly fix'd the Crown.
 Loyalty is her Essence, Truth her Soul,
 Fix'd as the Center, Constant as the Pole :
 Party, Interest, or Humour, others move,
 She true as th' Needle to the Pole doth prove,
 As Heaven to Justice, or, as Saints to Love.

On an Eternal Rock her Seat is plac'd,
 A Rock no Storms can move, no Time can wast,
 But will beyond the Worlds foundation last,
Olympus like, whose feet on Earth do tread,
 But rears above the Clouds his lofty Head,
 Fenc'd round by humane Laws, and Laws Divine,
 (United Forces for her safety join)
Cesar with God doth her Protection share ;
 Guarded by Heaven above, and his Vicegerent here,
Dæmons and *Fiends*, Heavens Armys do oppose,
 And *Cesar* Men malicious as those.
 Both wish her Ruine, at her Bliss repine,
 Both forc'd with shame to quit the curs'd Design,
 Here under God's and his Vicegerent's wing
 Safely she doth her Makers praises sing.
 Offers up holy Incence every day,
 While Seraphims assist as she doth pray,
 And sweetly steal the spoken Word away :
 And Raptur'd with the Prayers, thence notes do take
 To sweeten the next Hallelujahs they must make.

And

And sacred Silence and Delight put on,
 To see themselves or equall'd or out-done.
 Legions of Angels on her Votes attend,
 Ten thousand Legions do her Seat defend,
 With flaming Swords keep off her Enemies,
 As once a *Cherubim* defended *Paradise*.

Yet not her Beauty or her Innocence
 Against malicious Foes could be defence,
 The *Butt* of Envy still is *Excellence*.

For not Heavens height or ever-waking Eyes
 Or glory can secur't from Enemies.

A Foreign Princess, whose malicious Spight
 With lawless Claim doth grasp at others Right;
 Unhinges Kingdoms under Safety's name,
 Throws wildly the contentious Ball of Fame,
 And fires the World to warm her at the flame;
 With blood-shot Eyes her greedy Jaws do's ope,
 And her already hath devour'd in hope:

So t' a remorseless Rock *Andromeda*
 With rigid Chains was ty'd a Monster's prey.
 With dreadful cries the hungry Beast drew nigh,
 Bore foaming Seas before him to the Sky,
 Stretch'd his wide Jaws the Beauteous prize to tear,
 But *Perseus* and *Medusas* head was near.

Low her Design's, and yet from Heaven her Birth:
 High Claim, and yet too near ally'd to Earth,
 Once she in Heavens first Rank of Favour stood,
 Pure as the Light, and as a Cherub good.

Hea-

The New Atlantis.

11

Heaven o're her head Indulgent blessings strow'd,
A Guard of Angels for her Aid allow'd,
But curst Satan mix'd with the Crowd.

They wing'd her Mind with high Æthereal Fires,
He sunk it with Terrestrial desires :

Too fatal are the Charms the World inspires.

Happy, thrice happy, had she never fell,

Or had been, what she vaunts, *Infallible*.

Ambition (if that name we may it call

Which doth from high to low Employments fall)

First sunk her down : desire of humane Power

Blemish'd the right she had Divine before,

And every weight of that still sunk her lower :

Loaded with Vanity, the Scale that rose

The other from its Empire did depose.

Adam more nobly fell, his lofty Mind

At great Acts and Divinity design'd,

She from sublime to sordid deeds declin'd.

Such Beings Philosophick heads relate

Of heavenly stamp ; when weary of their state,

Tir'd with reiterated Joys they grow,

And long to prove untasted Bliss below.

The nearer their low Course to Earth doth lead,

Farther they from their Pristine glory do recede,

Baser and baser grow th' Ignoble Minds,

Till they degenerate into other kinds.

The Basis of her heavenly power sunk down,

And wanting ground for her new gotten one,

From *Truth*, the Fountain of great Deeds, she flies,

And basely sinks to *Humane Policies*.

Instead of that which casts a radiant Light,
 She tricks Impostures up to please the sight.
 God, once her Guard, secur'd her heavenly right,
 Under his Banner safely she did fight,
 And put her furious Enemies to flight.
 Right hath Heavens Warrant, but ill gotten Power
 Arts, Policies, and Stratagems secure.
 Truth needs no shapes nor helps, a Native awe
 And Reverence it from open Foes doth draw.
 A genuine look and Beauty right imparts,
 But *Fraud* and *Falshood* need a thousand *Arts*.
 Right wanting, she to Cruelty descends,
 Her usurp'd Power by Hostile means defends,
 And th'erring World with *Fire* and *Sword* amends.

Guilt leaves an haggish fear that haunts the mind,
 Fear trembling looks for what it would not find,
 Fear goes before, and bloody Cruelty behind.
 So *Adam*, while in *Innocence* he stood,
 He lowly was ador'd by th'gazing Crowd;
 A Sacred awe each humble bosom sway'd,
 His God-like Miene with reverent fear was paid,
 They lov'd and fear'd, and willingly obey'd.
 But when Rebellion in his Mind did live,
 And he for God's Prerogative did strive;
 The cursed Venom through the World did fly,
 Man did his *Maker*, Beasts did *Man* despise.
 And th' remnants of lost power that yet remain,
 Man not by *Nature* but by *Art* doth gain,
 By *Wit*, by *Industry*, and cruel pain.

Wisdom to Truth and *Honesty's* ally'd,
 Cunning to *falsehood* and *deceit* is ty'd,
 Cunning, a *left hand* Wisdom, hath lost power supply'd.
 Great States by open force make way, the small
 Do to *Alliances* and *Treaties* fall;
 Sly Policy, where Force doth fail, can gain,
 As wild Beasts are by *Traps* and *Pitfalls* ta'ne.
 Shame lost, base ways are us'd, so violent's grown
 The scorching thirst of wide Dominion.
 To every Passion there's Incentives laid,
 Blandishments to each Humour are display'd,
 And various Tunes on various strings are play'd.
 Each Weakness, Imperfection, and Disease,
 That on the Body or the Mind do seize,
 Gratification find and pleasing ease.
 From highest flights of the aspiring Mind,
 To th' low effects of hypocondriack Wind,
 Unbridled Riot and tame abstinence,
 Implicit folly and exalted sense;
 Th' Extreams of every Passion, stretch'd as wide
 As Lust or Rage can do't, are gratify'd.
 As tho' the Faith of Heathen Rome remain'd,
 And for each Vice in Heaven a Patron reign'd.
 High place and Dignities th' *Ambitious* move,
 The *Melancholy* may a Convent love;
 High *towring* Spirits are for business fit,
 And Solitudes the *creeping* Souls delight;
 Obedience with the *humble* Mind doth suit,
 And Peremptory Sway the *Resolute* :

Loud Miracles the credulous do call,
 And Aery Visions the Phantastical.
 The Practick Minds may in State Matters dive,
 In hidden knowledge the Contemplative;
 Ostentous Pomp the simple mind doth please,
 Heavy and restive Bodies constant ease;
 Nor endless shows and Ceremonies want
 The Superstitious and Ignorant.
 Lust gets Divorces at an easie rate,
 And can Incestuous Broods legitimate:
 Lyars Equivocation may allow,
 The Rash a Dispensation of their Vow:
 Indulgences and Jubilees do suit
 Th' Incurable and the Dissolute.
 All that their Fame or their Content have lost,
 Have in Ambition or in Love been crost;
 All whom Guilt dogs, or Nemesis pursues,
 May shelters here and Sanctuaries chuse.
 Nor for Devotion to their Altars fly,
 But undeserv'd Protection: as tho' she
 That first at Romulus Asylum liv'd,
 Hath by th' same Arts and Instruments surviv'd,
 And ever since by Malefactors thriv'd.
 These and a thousand Mystick Rites beside,
 Nor by Gymnosophist nor Brachman try'd,
 Found the Chymical Dominion
 That's grounded in Opinion alone:
 Remove Implicit Faith, the Structure all falls down.

Beauteous far off her gawdy Pageants seem,
 For ostentation made, and vile esteem.
 Rich at a distance, they their Plumes display,
 But to near Eyes their Poverty betray,
 Onely with Paint, with Gilt and Varnish gay.
 Distance her Friend, that Lies and Cheats doth vent,
 Can wild Impostures with Advantage paint,
 But seldom Truth doth fairly represent.
 Doth various Objects in one Mass confound,
 (As all things at a distance do seem round)
 Deformity and wrinkles doth make fair,
 And shows things as they seem, not as they are.

Ancient she's granted ; but like Ovid's Dame,
 That endless Life o'th' lustful God did claim :
 But lasting Youth forgot t' insert ; too late,
 Tir'd with old Age, bewayl'd her luckless Fate.
 She doth no blessing of old Age retain,
 The Inconveniencies alone remain.

Dotage, the Vice of ancient years, delights
 In trifling Follies and in childish sights ;
 In outside Pomp and empty Pageantry,
 In Paint and Varnish that attract the Eye.
 Credulity each open Cheat doth own,
 And greedily Impostures doth drink down,
 Listens to' each Fabulous Legend, every story
 Of Relicks, Exorcisms, and Purgatory ;
 Of Fairy Elves and Goblins, wakeful Sprights
 That rouse the drowsie Monks to Beads at Nights ;

Of

Of Beasts converted at an Abbot's Prayer,
 And holy Nunns appearing in the Air ;
 Of Virgins Milk, and still renewing blood ;
 Wonder's o'th' Mass, and of the sacred Rood.
 Of Images that speak, lament and weep :
 Of Wounds by Angels given to Saints asleep.
 Of Prophecies and Works of th' holy Maid,
 And all the Tricks were e're on *Jetzer* plaid.
 The wildest Ravings are by her receiv'd,
 And she'd have all she doth invent believ'd.
 Laugh'd at and scorn'd she doth her thread pursue.
 (For Old Age to *Tautology* is true)
 Baffled, contemn'd, a bold Face doth put on,
 And tires with Nauseous Repetition.
 Forsook of Native Beauty, she by Art,
 By Paint and Dress a forc'd one doth impart.
 Doth loudly brag of what she long hath lost,
 And doth of Fame in former Ages boast.
 Her self to others Beauty but a foile,
 She what she cannot equal doth defile,
 As old-cast Beauties young ones do revile. }
 Reason and Sence with Laughter she forsakes;
 And, what she doth not own, from others takes.
 (The fate of Age) she robbed of her sight,
 Perswades the rest o'th' World to love the Night ;
 Blindfolds the stumbling Crowds, and then replies
 The way to see is to put out their Eyes.
 The holy Precepts of her early Youth,
 And shining Tracts and Paths of Sacred Truth

Untrod, in long successive Times are grown
The Seats of Monsters and of Desolation.
Forgot (for such Misfortunes Age doth own,)
Or mix'd with Childish Rites debas'd they'r grown,
Th' Extreames of Age and Childhood met in one.
Yet much of Truth beneath the Rubbish lies,
And real Worth beneath the Fopperies.
Could she her Silver from her Dross refine,
The rust of Age and worldly Taint decline,
How glorious would the polish'd Diamond shine.
Too good for Hell, and yet too base for Glory,
Not purely Truth, and yet not all a Story,
A mixt Religion fitting *Purgatory*.
Beside these two, to neither yet ally'd,
Not real Friends or Foes to either side ;
But who do by success of each their Actions guide,
A mungrel Race doth dwell, such *Africk* sees,
When the mix'd Herd from burning Deserts flies
To cool their Thirst at shady Fountains; grown
From a Promiscuous Copulation.
From different mixtures different Natures rise,
A double heart, a changeable disguise.
Now they the Wolfe, and now the *Boar* put on,
And now the cunning of the Fox is shown.
The true *Samaritans*, who when the Fame
Of *Sion* did exalt *Judæa's* Name,
Did kindred claim, did i' th' Alliance pride,
But when her Glory found an ebbing tide,
Did with th' invading conquering Heathen side.

Discord

Discord their various Nature doth put on,
 As mixtures make a Fermentation.
 Restless they move, their own and others curse,
Cadmæan race, that endless quarrels nurse :
 Ignorant of their Extraction, all they hate,
 With the same Fury Friends and Foes do bait :
 With bloody Rage their Brethren they pursue,
 And in their Parents blood their hands imbrue.
 So *Janizaries* do unnatural grow,
 To their own Parents the most mischief do ;
 So the *Lycisca* is the Wolfs worst Foe.
 These, and a numerous Spawn of lesser fame,
 To which Heavens Nomenclator ne're gave name,
 Beneath great *Cæsar's* Princely shadow stood,
Cæsar renown'd, beneficent and good.
 All do the common good his Favour share,
 Fenc'd by his *Word*, and bulwark'd by his *Care* ;
 As Insects in the Sun-beams sing and play,
 And obscene Beasts are bred from *Phæbus* golden Ray.
 Beasts have Heavens general Protection,
 Enjoy the common use of Light and Sun,
 But Men and Angels are admitted near his Throne.
 The Native Princess in her genuine right,
 Envyng none, but ravish'd in delight
 In Joyes not to be blasted by malicious sight,
 From Rapine free, ignorant of Martial Art,
 Was ever upon the Defensive part.
 The Foreign Princess with an envious Eye
 Bless'd *Canaan* view'd, and fain would Battel try,
 But *Cæsar* had forbid *Hostility*.

From

From open violence barr'd by great command
She kept the Peace, but yet with Arms in Hand.
So doth the hungry Wolf behold his Prey,
Bounds, and with eager haste devours the way,
But th' Lion seen makes an astonish'd stay,
Summons her Troops, hoping e're long she might
Have some pretence to ease her ranker'd spight :
That Time, which she had by Experience known
To have remov'd her own Foundation,
Her Enemies Forts might undermine or batter down.
At least she hop'd, when open force did fail,
To win by fraud what she durst not assail.

They all approach and yet unseen draw nigh,
Invisible to every common Eye,
Till mystick Charms and many a secret rite
Hath clear'd the scales, and purifi'd the sight.
Now deep in shades below the Moles do lurk,
In secret Caves forge out the destin'd work :
So low, they by the Counsel may be led,
If of no other Beings, yet o' th' dead.
Sometimes they'r hid beneath a specious Flow'r,
And while they do attract the Snakes devour ;
With gawdy looks and pleasing baits betray,
And dart from far upon the cheated prey.
From secret Holts and Cells the Javelins fly
Ignobly still in Ambushments they ly,
And dare not bravely face the Enemy.
Behind they stab, or else surprize i'th' Night,
For as Truth loves, so falshood hates the Light.

Strange and amazing is their Form and Mien,
 Their Orders, Rites, Habits and Discipline.
 'Twas thought an host of wild *Barbarians* rose
 Purposely horrid, to affright their Foes:
 Or that *Cambyses* brought his shatter'd Host,
 Pick'd stragling up from every distant Coast,
 And from a thousand Realms and Lands ingross.
 Or *Hannibal's* confus'd Troops were come,
 Of various hues and shapes to change the doom,
 Not to demolish, but to set up *Rome*.
 Some from their various Mimick actions thought
 They were a Race of Apes and Monkeys got:
 As once the *Spaniards* did the *Indians* blot.
 Some thought that conquer'd *India* sent her store,
 And by oppressive *Spain* of Treasure poor,
 Ran sack'd the Andes and Vales, had rob'd each Coast,
 And from the different Monsters made the Host;
 Sent each dire Savage that e're wildly ran
 Twixt farthest Northern *Frith* and Straights of *Megallan*.
 Some thin and meager upon Air do dine:
 Others full fed, like the plump God of Wine.
 Some in deep Cells horrid and meager grow,
 Like luckless *Demons* of the Mines below,
 Whose dire appearance doth the damp foreshow.
 Some like the God of Youth are fresh and gay,
 Dance in the Sun-beams, frolick all the Day,
 And their swell'd necks and pamp'ring sides display.
 So wide their Lives, distant their Looks do show,
 They seem besides themselves to need no Foe.

Hard Fate ! no shelter from their Fury's found
That walk in mists, and burrow under ground.
No *Shibboleth* their Treachery can defeat
That have their *Salvo* to *Equivocate* :
Nor Spies from those the Avenues can keep,
That in such various Names and Shapes do creep.

The World before ne're such an Empire saw,
Or to the Field did such an Army draw ;
That claims a Right to every Prince's State,
And Monarch's can depose, or can create :
With secret Chains their Subjects Conscience binds,
And lays enchanted Fetters on their Minds.
A Monarchs Throne can without fighting shake,
By private scrues the firm foundation break ;
As hidden Vapors do the Earthquakes make.
Grows rich ; yet without watching, care, or pain :
Fights, yet with Hosts that others do maintain ;
Makes Paper shields and Pens the Sword controul,
And makes Geese once more save the *Capitol*.
Amplly rewards ; yet doth not poorer grow ;
For others Wealth who freely won't bestow ?
Unwearied Bees, who from each flower do drain,
From others Follies from their Sins do gain,
And Honey from each poysonous Simple strain.
Numerous from far the growing Troops appear,
And where the Sight is terminated, there
Still swelling numbers rise ; so could we see
The Cave whence th' race of Infant Time doth fly ;
The Scheme of Hatching Days ; how all along
The endless Off-spring to the Birth-place throng :

Unlike in Colour, Habit, Face, and Miene;
 Monstrous and strange that little seem a kin.
 Some days would foul appear with Clouds o'recast;
 Some smiling fair the storms all overpast:
 Some with Misfortunes chequer'd o're, and some
 A monstrous Mass of all deform'd would come.
 Such Troops, but more alike doth *Africk* breed,
 When Caterpillers do the Ground o'respread,
 And upon every thing that's green do feed. }
 With unrestrained Fury all devour,
 And Desert leave what was a Paradise before.
 Dreadful their Numbers, nor less resolute,
 Prompt to Obedience, swift to execute.
 Desperate in all Attempts, devoid of fear,
 They leap o're Rocks, and through dread Tempests steer.
 Out-do *Romes* Ancient Heroes, who their Line
 Did sacrifice unto their Discipline.
 Witness it the two *Henries*, whose dear Life
 Fell Victims to their consecrated Knife.
 Witness it the bless'd Souls late trampled down
 Doom'd by their Rage or their Ambition.
 The foreign Princess over-look'd the show,
 But something sullen sate upon her Brow.
 Whether hopes long defer'd had made her sick;
 Or disappointments touch'd her to the quick;
 Or that her presence aw'd, and she did fear
 They'd not so freely speak if she was there;
 Or that she with the long Fatigue was tir'd,
 She call'd a Council, and in state retir'd.

The summons soon were nois'd, the Members met,
And th' heads of every Order in the *Junto* set.
The President (such 'twas his right to be
When desperate Ills must desperate Counsels try }
His Order form'd t' uphold the tott'ring See)
Was writ in bloody Characters of Fame,
Yet had his Title from the holiest Name.
Fierce in his Look, and savage in his Mind,
To Wars, to Cruelty and Rage inclin'd:
With fiery Eye-balls on the Prey did look,
Vented his Spleen, and thus the silence broke.

T H E

THE NEW ATLANTIS.

THE SECOND PART.

OUR Golden Age and happy Times are gone;
 When undisputed *All* our Power did own.
 And suppliant Monarchs at our feet fell down. }
 When flowing Tides of Wealth came rowling in,
 The sale of Vice, and easie price of Sin.
 When blindfold Ignorance did Devotion give, }
 The less men knew the more they did believe, }
 The Blind and Credulous will all receive. }
 When *Croisades* for an holy War did come, }
 And Princes in far distant Coasts did roam, (home. }
 While our Great Queen usurp'd upon their Rights at }
 When every one on what She said rely'd, }
 Clos'd up her Eyes and took her for their guide, }
 Nor sneering Heretick the Consequence deny'd. }
 When with full Power the World did her invest
 Implicitely subscribing to her Test,

‘ That

‘ That She alone is Christ’s Immaculate Bride,
‘ Harlots and Sorceresses all beside.
‘ That her Communion all th’ Elect doth hold;
‘ Heaven, though ’tis Infinite confined to her fold.
‘ That the Sun rises onely in the West,
‘ Forgets his Bridal Chamber in the *East*,
‘ And *black* Damnation shades o’er all the rest. }
‘ That she doth hold Eternal Truth alone,
‘ And what she doth is Truth, because by her ’tis done,
‘ That she the powerful Keys of Heaven doth hold,
‘ The Wards unchang’d, and what she hath inroll’d
‘ In Books below, in those above are writ,
‘ And Heaven to her grant of Saintship doth submit.
‘ And whom by fatal Sentence she doth doom
‘ Heaven must exclude, and Hell for them make room,
‘ That th’ charge of Souls is Hers, and therefore she
‘ Hath over all a boundless Sovereignty:
‘ As great Precedence over earthly Kings,
‘ As have Immortal over Mortal things.
‘ And since the End the Mediums must command,
‘ And Heaven the Butt of all our Aims must stand;
‘ She the great Guide of the Eternal state, }
‘ Must act, must alter, counsel and debare
‘ All things Supream, and all Subordinate.
‘ May plant, root out, establish and depose,
‘ May alter and dispence, may bind and loose
‘ All that may fix the Churches sure defence,
‘ At least all that may merit that pretence.
‘ That all that her unbridled Power withstand
‘ Are stigmatiz’d with an Heretick Brand:

‘ Not

' Not *Cain's* for safety, but a mark for Death.
 ' (Happy the Saint that can the blow bequeath)
 ' That all the World by Conscience bound must bring
 ' Their help to extirpate th' accursed thing :
 ' To stab the hated Race, and to root out
 ' With Fire and Sword the Pestilential Rout.

These the Precarious grounds are we have laid,
 And th' Superstructure's equal to them made.
 Our claim of heavenly right, the ground of all,
 With which the gawdy Edifice will fall,
 Is prov'd or wholly forg'd, or much debas'd,
 And in the Room a *Prior* Title's plac'd.
 Our shatter'd Evidence our Foes deride,
 Expose the blots and falsehoods we would hide,
 And bring Authentick Witness on their side. }
 Our narrow Thoughts of Heaven experience finds
 The fault of purblind Eyes and narrow Minds;
 To whom as t' men in Vales it doth befall,
 They see some part of Heaven, and think 'tis all.
 Heavens Mercy and his Goodness these restore
 The Priviledge we had rob'd him of before.
 Our claim to Infallibility they laughing own,
 As they do *Constantine's* Donation.
 Show the Eccentrick Dances it hath mov'd,
 The various *Epicycles* thro' which 't hath rov'd:
 How it hath follow'd every foolish Fire
 That Lust, or Pride, or Interest did inspire :
 And when a Golden Ball was drop'd i' th' way,
 It stoop'd like *Atalanta* to the Prey.

Our

Our *Apotheosis* and Gift of Heaven,
 To Traitors and to perjur'd Villains given,
 All scorn, nor will with such a Consort dwell,
 But, like the *Indian*, rather venture Hell.
 Ensigns of Honour when become the Meed
 Of Persons of low worth and servile breed,
 Th' offended Nobles all, with needful pride,
 The tainted badge of Honour lay aside.
 Our Thunder that did once the World appall,
 Breaks unregarded and contemn'd doth fall,
 And like *Salmonau's* Thunder's scorn'd by all.
 The Magick Charms that fetter'd Kings are broke,
 And fearless they throw off the galling Yoke :
 Grow jealous of their State, secure their Throne,
 And from usurping Power do fence their Crown.

These are the least o' th' numerous Ills they do,
 The prying Hereticks our Secrets know ;
 Have search'd the Stream up to th' Eternal Spring,
 And tracts of Truth down thro' all Ages bring ;
 Have with much Diligence and Justice shown
 The various change of our Foundation :
 Th' admittance of Impostures, and the Times
 When we made Love to meretricious Crimes ;
 The Errors of our Doctrine have expos'd,
 But, what doth deepest strike, our Lives disclos'd.
 The head of these our Emulous Neighbor stands,
 The frustrate hopes of all our Heads and Hands,
 And with Angelick Face o'relooks her Native Lands.

E

(Our

(Our shame) her Vertues every where we spy,
 Her decent Rites, her warming Charity,
 Her *Truth* and her *Angelick Piety*.
 Her steady Loyalty, nor are less known
 Her Learning, Wisdom, Moderation.
 Propitious Stars, if I guess right, appear,
 And dawns of our long wish'd for Day draw near:
 Much in this Critical Juncture's to be done,
 Give speedy Counsel, when this Moment's gone,
 Bid long farewell, for 'tis for ever flown.

A sullen murmur follow'd, when there rose
 A meager shape, a shape that Envy chose,
 And spoke; With studied Malice we have try'd
 Our Enemies Rites, Lives, Learning to deride,
 But the cast Darts down on our heads did glide.
 'Tis now too late worn Methods to recall,
 They'r flat and dull, the most refin'd of all
 Will by their Virtue be to make them fall.
 Loyalty is their glory, pride and crown,
 Make but that totter and all tumbles down.
 Load them with vile reproaches; Truth and Lies
 When once on Wing do curious search despise,
 The swiftness of the Motion doth delude our Eyes.
 With low designs their lofty Honour blot,
 Say *Interest* hath their Loyalty begot,
 And hopes of tasted power th' Increase hath brought:
 And what beyond Hells Malice hath a strain,
 Lay to their Charge a *Martyr'd* Sovereign.

Blot their *Allegiance*, touch that tender place,
 They will their God and King revile unto their Face.
 Vex them with wrongs, and work them up with Fears,
 Threaten the Issue of succeeding years;
 Disgrace the great, and trample on the small,
 With undeserv'd Reproaches taint them all.
 Make them but Malecontents the work is done,
 A soft descent leads to Sedition;
 None do the ferment of high Passions know,
 What generous Souls loaded with wrongs may do;
 Patience long tir'd doth unto Fury grow.
 Incense them, push them on, the step we'd choose
 Is that they would *Cæsar's* Protection lose;
 Stir up the mutinous Rabble, if they flame,
 The fatal Fire to all shall lay a claim.

The Counsel was embrac'd with joyful crys,
 When one did from among the crowd arise
 And thus reply'd; Th' advice is deep and wise:
 But we ne'r yet upon one string rely'd,
 But various Draughts have wove, new Arts have try'd;
 Mines under Mines; if one discover'd fail,
 That th' other yet may hit and blow up all:
 We've other Tasks to do. Wise Kings when they
 With their Ambitious Neighbours war for Sway,
 With wary Eyes survey the Enemies state,
 And th' Motions of the Malecontents do wait,
 Foment Divisions, widen still the breach,
 And their Foes Arms do to their Ruine stretch.

A Viperous brood lies in our Enemies Breast
 That tear her Bowels, and her Peace molest :
 At best half Friends and Jealous, 'tis our parts
 To make them open Foes by private Arts ;
 Revile their Mother, draw a monstrous shape,
 Fill it with Cruelty, Oppression, Rape,
 And with remorseless Fury fill the Map ;
 And hang't out as her Picture, 'bove the rest,
 Write th' *Author* and *Abettor* of the *Test*.
 Spot her with Dirt from our own Malice wrought,
 Insinuate into the Crowd the thought
 That 'tis her genuine look and Natural Draught.
 Till they with Phantoms scar'd, and Horrors driven
 Mistake the Road, and fly to Hell from Heaven.
 Smile on the cheated Slaves, their hopes increase,
 (For whom you cannot love yet you may please)
 And draw them to the wrack with hopes of ease.
 Invite, and like a treacherous Sea beguile ;
 Embrace, and kill, and while you ruine smile.
 Divide, set them their Tasks, and when that's done,
 The just Reward of Traitors is well known.

With deep Attention the Discourse was heard,
 And every one for the Attempt prepar'd,
 To which by Natural Bent his Temper steer'd ;
 Till from below a Spectre did ascend,
 And seem'd half a Man and half a Fiend.
 His baleful Eyes like direful Comets show'd,
 Diffusing Mischief and ill Fate abroad :

His

His Mouth like *Ætna* belch'd out Smoke and Fire,
 And thus he spoke, or bellow'd out his Ire.
 Mean Souls low Arts and Policies do try,
 The great at lofty noble Actions fly, (Sky. }
 Worms crawl upon the Ground, but Eagles brush the }
 Such dilatory Arts do blast our Fame,
 Such proling is unworthy our great Name.
 Could we secure our Empire by such ways,
 The very means the Victory would debate.
 Act like your selves, your former Fame restore ;
 Strike thro' at once and need to strike no more.
 I with a Firebrand o're the *Piedmont* Vale
 The many headed *Hydra* did assail.
 Lovely in dust and gore my Legions stood,
 Wading in Streams of curs'd *Heretick* Blood.
 Down fell the glorious Harvest, and not one
 Was left to future Times to give Relation.
 With state I the *Parisian* Feasts maintain'd,
 When *Hecatombs* the crowded Altars stain'd :
 When pious Massacres did fill each Street,
 When Death did Death, and Ruine Ruine meet.
 I fill'd the *Irish* Shambles, and did call (nibal.
 From Boggs, from Loughs and Woods each bloody Can-
 When dying groans thro' every Soul did fly,
 Eccho'd thro' Earth, and pierc'd th' astonish'd Sky; }
 To every barbarous Ear sweet Melody. }
 Why should I mention things of lesser Note,
 Or *Bonner's Smithfield-Fires*, or Powder Plot:

Oh!

Oh ! 'twas a brave Attempt, tho' t did not hit,
 Altho' Hell wanted Fire the Match to light,
 Brave, as was *Satan's*, that with Heaven did fight.

The Path is easie where one went before ;
 I've told you what I did, and need no more.——

This said, his Speech and he at once did end,
 With Sulphurous stench he downward did descend,
 And by's departure truly shew'd the Fiend.

A sudden horror on each mind did light,
 Or from the Counsel bred, or from the sight ;
 But the Advice out-last'd the affright.

Some lik'd the Counsel, but the Times displeas'd :
 And some the want of Agents did molest :

Some, or in *Truth*, or in *Appearance* good,
 Mislik'd Foundations laid on slippery blood ;
 Nor had they quite forgot the due of Gratitude :

Some Piety, some Policy did sway ;
 But that on which the greatest stress yet lay
 Was *Cæsar's Word*, and that they must obey.

But 'twas with gnashing Teeth and flaming Eyes.

When one with jolly Miene and look did rise
 And speak : the Counsel with the Times should hit,
 The late Advice don't with the Juncture fit :

We in *Atlantis* ne're by force could gain,
 We've bravely dar'd indeed, but dar'd in vain,
 Our Bulwarks are beat down, and what is left
 Is little more than Policy and shift.

In vain we to Antiquity do fly,
 No footsteps of Infallibility,
 Or of our Universal Claim there ly.

We've

We've brib'd her oft to speak upon our side :
But when our Gifts and Presents were deny'd,
With *Wracks* and *Tortures* her consent we've claim'd,
And by our purging Indices have maim'd,
Lopp'd and cut off what our Impostures nam'd.
Our Cobweb Frame of new Divinity,
Made to uphold our Pageant *Hierarchy*,
By dint of Argument is tumbled down,
That had built upon Smoke its weak Foundation.
Our Miracles for pleasing Chat make way,
Our Exorcisms in Laughter spend the Day.
The Scene is open, if we would be wise,
We with new paint must clothe our Fopperies.
The World with nauseous Syllogisms is tir'd,
Major and *Minor* now no more admir'd ;
Nor have we ought by that dull War acquir'd.
Wise Heads do know too much, and search too deep,
The looser minds we must in Ignorance keep.
Since then our Cause we most on Fiction build,
It must by what it is compos'd be' upheld ;
By Poetry ; whose ravishing Art doth tell
Not what is true, but what is plausible.
This will young heads with pleasing Notions fill,
Not thorny Questions, but fair Schemes instill :
And unseen Fetters cast upon the Will.
'Twill every temper, every *Genius* suit,
But most the *Ignorant* and *Dissolute*.
Weak reasons *Gorgeous Metaphors* array,
And chiming Verse the Sense will bear away.

This

This Counsel rous'd the President, who reply'd
 Th' Advice upon firm Principles rely'd,
 And what might give most hopes 'twas yet untry'd.
 But tho' the noblest flights for Poetry,
 Things that even the very Art outvy,
 Do in our heaps of fabulous Legends ly :
 Such is our rigid Fate, in vain I've sought
 Among our Train to find a Man of Note.
 The Lists are ready, nor Rewards we want,
 At hand are all things but the Combatant.

Th' Adviser reassum'd his Post, and cry'd,
 We've late come over to the Royal side
 A Profelite, whose servile Pen can write
 For fear, reward, for mischief, or for spite :
 With as much ease can praise, and then revile
 As with the *Romans* 'twas to change the Style.
 His Nature to his Calling laid a Claim
 As due, for Verse from turning hath its Name.
 'Tis true of late fearing th' effects of chance,
 He Horoscop'd about for Maintenance :
 Proffer'd his Venal Pen to serve our Foes,
 To plead the *Panthers* Cause, and ours expose.
 And had they been in their Subscriptions kind,
 He had vow'd to write the *Panther* and the *Hind*.
 But they with scorn his proffer'd Pains did slite,
 (An Act of generous Courage, not of Wit)
 Nor's Mercenary Pen would bribe to write,
 Which once did *Cromwell's* odious Fame recite;
 A Poet fit for such an Hypocrite.

He

He may be useful, and we have him sure,
 No matter why he did his Faith abjure ;
 Such Profelytes the greatest Bigots be,
 And while their warmth doth last no danger see;
 Strive an assurance of their Zeal to give,
 And former faults by' obsequiousness retrieve.
 He for our turn is fit, by Nature bred
 He rails at all before him, and is fed
Hyæna like, by tearing up the dead.
 Th' unluckiest Satyrist alive, that still
 Writes his own Character in all that's ill.
 Of all the World most fit a Vice t' expose,
 That all its Cause, Effects and Motions knows,
 Stranger to none, can no advantage lose.
 Big with Conceit, the empty shape looks great,
 His own dear self obligingly doth treat ;
 In melting accents his own praises glide,
 In keen *Iambicks* all mankind's beside.
 Rewards his Soul in any garb will lap,
 His ductile Soul will put on any shape ;
 Vice hath his Patronage, and there's no fear
 But Hell in time may his Protection share,
 The rather cause the God of Gold is there.
 He courts loud Rumour, but lets Truth alone,
 Conscious of Guilt he shuns being justly known,
 And by's oft changing flies a Definition.
 Learn'd, but in *Ill* : Ingenious, but in *spite* :
 Vertuous, from *Impotence* : from Need a *Wit* :
 Modest, when *beat* : in suffering *Valiant* :
 Honest, when *forc'd* : And moderate, when in *want*.

True, but for *Interest* ; Civil, but for *dread* ;
Devout, for *Almes* ; and Loyal, but for *Bread*.

The Person pleas'd, and so did the Design,
And soon the Profelitte was called in.
Trembling he stood ; while thus the President cry'd,
We various ways for our defence have try'd,
Our careful Sons their secret Methods take,
That were not falshood naturally weak,
So hidden are the Plots and Mines we've laid,
We the whole World long since had Captive made.
All that is left, is that with show and paint,
We hide what doth in real value want.
The Basis fails, the Building tho' tis fair,
And high in Clouds its lofty Head doth rear,
Yet sinks, and greater still its Ruines are.
This be thy Province, trick the *Mormo* fine ;
Rich in appearance tho' there's nought within.
That Art thy empty Metaphors dispence,
The rather cause there is no need of sence.
But shun a near Inspection, prying Eyes
(And Hereticks are mischievously wise)
May break the spell, and see thro' the disguise.
Think out a Fable of some Bird or Beast,
Matter not Reason if it be well drest.
What tho' the borrow'd Feathers others own,
Few will detect the cheat, few tell when known.
Æsop, did first on the Invention hit,
Æsop thy like in every thing but Wit.
By this time *Bavius* had compos'd his fear,
And something thought in his own Praise to infer,

When

When an unlucky Accident did reign
 That stop'd his Praise, and rais'd his Fear again.
 The utmost Scouts had a strange Monster took,
 Cruel in action, and a Fiend in look,
 Drew him by force thro' the amazed throng;
 VVhich with wild outcrys usher'd him along :
 Such shapes before *Atlantis* ne' re-array'd,
 Such *Pliny* ne're, or *Gezner* found or made,
 Nor e're such Schemes in Travellers Brains were laid.
 From every Creature he a portion stole,
 And seemed an Epitome o' th' whole.
 The Pawes o' th' Bear, and Fangs o' th' VVolf he wore,
 The Tail o' th' Fox, and Bristles of the Boar :
 The Tricks o' th' Ape, and Eyes o' th' quaking Hare,
 Still backward cast, to see if th' Foe was near :
 A Limb of every Species did he wear.
 And some (for Fancy, or cold fear will do't)
 Affirm'd they saw the Devils cloven foot. ---
 Some thought he was a piece o' th' *Chaos*, made
 Ere Order, Form, or Simmetry was laid,
 Ere similar parts their Troops into one Mass convey'd.
 Some thought a VVretch from Native shape estrang'd
 By *Circes* Cups into a Monster chang'd,
 Some thought a living wild *Chymera* rang'd.
 Th' Opinions various as his shapes were dress'd,
 But most concluded that he was possess'd.
 This Rumour took, strait all their Heads attend
 VVith mystick Charms to dispossess the Fiend,
 Vain rites were us'd, and to as vain an end.

He knew them all, but was to them unknown,
Strangers even to their own disguises grown,
Till thus with trembling Tongue the Monster said
I'm an *Atlantian* born, a *Roman* bred,
With high Commissions to *Atlantis* sped.
Among the various Sects to insinuate
The secret seeds of Enmity and Hate;
Of endless Quarrels, and as endless Woe,
And have with Joy beheld the Harvest grow:
Much have I done, no certain shape or place
Could limits set to my unbounded race.
Where e're was mischief hatching there was I
Thro' unseen Paths, and thro' dark Roads I fly,
I light the Fire, no matter how or why.
Where'er discontented Humours rise,
Bred of self-pride, nourish'd with Jealousies,
My useful Presence never mis'd the prize.
Tumult in State, and Schism in Church was mine,
I stretch'd the breach, mark'd out the parting Line,
And set the Bars that they could never joyn.
Thick flew my poison'd Arrows in the dark,
When matter was Combustible I brought the Spark.
Disguis'd I hearded with the Wolfish Crew,
With Cant and Tone my gaping Hearers drew;
Chose pleasing Topicks, such as might invite
(What makes their Crowd) the Female *Proselite*:
Did Heaven by Gods Decrees to them divide,
I fainted them, and damned all beside.

New Lights and wild *Enthusiastick* Fire
 Into the bristled Herd I did inspire,
 Their Rage too fierce and hot I work'd up higher.
 Cry'd Monarchy and all Church-Order down,
 Kings I call'd Tyrants, Laws Oppression :
 Till down steep Rocks the headlong Rabble press'd,
 As tho' the Devil once more had th' Swine possess'd.
 I in each Faction stubbornness did breed,
 Did bitter hatred to'ward all others feed,
 But chiefly Poison o're th' establish'd Church did shed.
 Nor did I only to great Actions tend,
 To mean Employments I could condescend,
 Foming on Bulks I could loud Nonsense rear,
 And plead the Cause of our sure Friend the Hare.
 In Woods and Groves to *Conventicles* creep,
 Such as i' th' *German* Forrests Witches keep,
 And naked to the Feasts of *Adamites* could slip.
 These, and the Sects, like Sins without a Name,
 That never a distinctive mark could claim,
 My willing Aid and speedy Help implor'd,
 Deluding all, and yet by all ador'd.

Long time I reign'd, but whether too secure,
 Depending much on my ill gotten Power,
 I had too loosely put on my disguise,
 Or whether *Hereticks* are grown more wise,
 Or 'twas my Fate : some of the long-nos'd rout
 Saw thro' the Cloud, and found th' Imposture out.
 I saw their Visage change, but gave no Ground,
 When in a Moment 'twas all whisper'd round.

Th'

Th' intraged Crowds do up in Tumult rise,
 Arms fill'd their Hands, and sparkling Fire their Eyes,
 All that is wanting furious rage supplies.
 Not more the Neighb'ring Dorps to Vengeance crowd,
 When the sly Fox, the common Foes pursu'd,
 Men call to Men, and Towns to Towns aloud.
 In vain 'twas to resist or to intreat,
 Rocks hear as much when angry Surges beat,
 Debarr'd of Force to Policy I fly,
 Thought I might hid in my Disguises ly;
 But every shape and garb that I put on
 Some one or other of the Crowd had known,
 Bootless it was to stay, hard to be gone:
 The Avenues all ways the Crowd did keep,
 Till I beneath a Zealot's Cloak did creep,
 And in the form of Sanctity away did slip:
 Yet not so clearly but I was pursu'd
 With Batts and Stones, and Curses still renew'd.
 No place to hide my loathed head I spy'd,
 In vain I for a Sanctuary cry'd.
 Accursed Land, where there's no sacred place
 That may a Malefactor's Crimes embrace!
 I invocated every Saint in vain,
 They all were deafned with the shouting train.
 At last, loaded with Injuries and Blows,
 Twice down I sunk and fell, and twice arose:
 A third time beaten down, I there had staid,
 Had not the list'ning Saint to whom I pray'd,
 Or th' horror that my trembling Soul put on,
 (Strange things by Phantasy and fear are done)

My

My Body in this monstrous Habit shap'd,
As Man I suffer'd, as a Monster scap'd.
I found the change, felt the wild Members bred,
Was glad by any means to hide my Head,
And saw my furious Persecutors fled.
Under this shelter I securely past,
The Guards still looking horrid and agast.
But fear, insulting fear doth hag my Mind,
They still pursue me whom I left behind.
My Fellows that the same Commission bear,
Live a curs'd Life, rack'd with eternal fear.
Some do them *Sphynxes*, some *Chamelions* call,
But *Trimmer* is the currant'st Name of all.

This said; mix'd Passions did i'th' Council rise,
Some joy'd in's 'scape, some griev'd in's miseries;
All variously the Tumult did revile,
Traduc'd the State, and curs'd th' unlucky Soil.
The murmur ceas'd, and *Bavins* that was fled,
Driven by his usual fear, recovered.
After Advice that Courage might renew,
The President thus did his Discourse pursue.

THE NEW ATLANTIS.

THE THIRD PART.

Much hopes (our Son) doth from thy Province flow,
 Great may be th' Harveſt, if we wiſely ſow.
 Kind Aſpects on the great Attempt do ſmile,
 Fit for the Task to blacken and revile,
 Malice thy blood doth into poyſon boyl.
 So venomous in what's falſe, it leaves a ſtain,
 And won't with eaſie pains be cleaſ'd again.
 Thou damn'ſt all Writings to ſet up thy own, -
 We all Truth's ancient Monuments cry down,
 Sure way to uſher in Tradition.
 But yet be cautious, we our Arts muſt try,
 And with falſe ſhows debauch th' Adulterous Eye.
 Some things beſt at half Lights affect the ſight,
 Some muſt like hollow ſhadows take their flight,
 Show and begone ; few will endure the Light.

Dark.

Darkness and distance our Advantage gives,
 The Mind by th' Eye the pleasing Cheat receives,
 And th' Error is admir'd while it deceives.
 Beware of sincere dealing, 't may betray,
 Counterfeit Jewels are descry'd i' th' Day.
 Shun steady Looks, they may too deeply pry,
 Hint and away, the motion cheats the Eye.
 Conceal the worse, still show the better side,
 'Tis as much Art Deformities to hide,
 As to deck Beauty up in all its Pride.
 Draw *Zeuxis* Grapes so' attractive and so fair,
 That all the Feather'd Race may there repair;
 Securely on the tempting Fruit may feed,
 Nor e're the dreadful Shape that bears them heed.
 Jealous of too deep Sense amuse the Mind,
 Fill th' Eye with shows, and swell the Soul with Wind.
 Traverse the Ground, flourish, but never close,
 We nothing yet could get by down-right blows,
 We gain by Treachery, by fair Battels lose.
 Mak't all a *Bantar*, it the most will please,
 Few will search deep, for most men love their Ease:
 Some *Topicks* are for dawbing Flattery fit,
 Some Eloquence require, and some do Wit,
 None with deep Arguing, or true Sense admit.
 Some may be faintly urg'd, some loudly fam'd,
 Some may be hinted at, and some not nam'd.

Name not *Indulgences*, what thô we know
 That none but th' Poor and Fools to Hell do go;
 That Heaven at easie Rates may purchas'd be,
 And God and *Mammon* can in one agree:

Tho' we Times past, and present Times can clear, }
 For Crimes not acted a remission bear, }
 Beyond the Revolution of great *Plato's* year ;
 More than the World can stretch our *Pardons* wide,
 And in small Time for endless years provide ;
 That bottomless the *Treasures* are we hold,
 Low as th' *Abyls*, and deep as Mines of Gold :
 That th' inexhausted *Spring* can ne're be dry
 While *Supererrogation* doth new Streams supply.
 Safe let the *Philosophick* Secret sleep,
 Like wakeful Dragons let's the *Treasure* keep.
 The subtle Spirit if 't gets vent is flown,
 Like *Fairy* *Treasure*, if disclos'd, 'tis gon.
 Little we once believ'd, the World grown wise,
 Should at a *Friars* cry lift up their Eyes, }
 And *Prostituted Pardons* should despise. }
 Heaven to its genuine *Liberty* restore
 And set that free was basely sold before,
 From *Usury* th' *Ætherial* Plains should keep,
 And *Money-Changers* from the *Temple* sweep ;
 That all the World awak'ned at the cry,
 As Slaves at th' Joyful Noise of *Liberty*,
 Should break the Yoak that did their Bodies bind,
 Nor laid less servile Fetters on the Mind.
 Like Waves on Waves the Noise should loudly roar,
 And eccho to the Worlds remotest Shore.
 Curse on the Day, loud Curses on the Name,
 Ne're may it be enrol'd i' th' Book of Fame,
 Lap'd in *Oblivion*, or if it be,
 Like *Herostratus*, but for *Infamy*.

Our *King-deposing-Doctrine* we with heed
Must hide, it may unkind *Suspitions* breed,
And in wise Princes Bosoms *Jealousies* may feed.
Th' Effects are too apparent, Neighbour Kings
Have warm'd the Snakes, and felt the deadly Stings.
Name't not ; the *Confutation* in the Mind,
Tho' strongly urg'd, doth leave some doubts behind;
Doth shake *Allegiance*, doth the Bands unty,
The Monarchs Peace, and our Security :
Disturb'd he lives, uneasie, unsecure,
Among half Subjects that do own a *foreign Pow'r*.
It is enough we it in private own,
Tho' we in publick cry the Tenet down,
'Tis but to lull the World asleep, and then
When *Interest* sways the Scale, resum't again.
Press'd with apparent Proofs, to fraud we fly,
A private Doctor's Tenet we decry,
On *Mariana* the whole load we set,
Tho' Troops the barbarous Tenet do abet.

But what's hence gather'd, let in silence dy,
That Princes when depos'd may murder'd be.
In secret VWhispers don't the Crime display,
Even *Ovid's* Reeds the Treason may betray.
A blasting Air doth every Accent fill,
Each Loyal Breast, and Christian Soul doth chill,
Strangers to Treachery, and unus'd to kill.
Conceal't, or if need be, the Fact deny,
'Tis lawful for our Interest to ly,
In this the very *Wolf* and *Hind* agree.

Bring some Distinction that may heal the sore,
Deny to kill a King we give a Power,
For when they are depos'd they'r King's no more.
'Tis much the same ; precarious Kings must by
A *Logical Distinction* live or dy.
Not that the Tenet we're asham'd to own,
Not *Conscience*, but our *Interest* crys it down.
The sound is hateful, and we've lately found
To our *Repute* 't hath given a deadly wound :
Th' Experiment our boldest *Champions* made,
And were from *Neighbouring Nations* banished.
We're feeble yet, but when we stronger grow,
Nature returns, and with't the Poison too.
Name not our wavering *Faith* and broken *Vows*,
The barbarous *Indians* will the Fact expose :
The Faith of Ancient *Rome* may ours upbraid,
That kept their *Sacred Oaths* with *Pyrats* made.
Unknown in Ancient Times the Tenet slept,
That *Vows* with *Hereticks* need not be kept.
Unpunish'd, Heavens great Name invok'd may be,
And *Holy Saints* to *Patronize* a Ly :
Heaven *Perjury* allows to root out *Herefie*.
Antiquity could ne're a *Weapon* find
To cut the Tye that doth the *Juror* bind,
Nor dur'st th' *Affront* lay on th' eternal Mind.
Yet 'tis of use to flatter and cajole,
And to the Pitfal draw the easie Fool.
The *Credulous* do upon our *Oaths* rely,
We fetter others, and our selves are free.

Saint *Barthol'mew* the secret understood,
Saint *Barthol'mew* once more baptiz'd in Blood.

Conceal (as that doth *Truth*) *Equivocation*,
Our useful *Trick*, and mental *Reservation*;
Th'ave an ill *Aspect*, and too far may reach,
And contradict the very Ends of Speech;
Do to the Death of *Faith* and *Justice* tend,
Do all Society and Converse end,
And make a Man to Man become a *Fiend*.
The *Dye* may be turn'd on's, and justly we,
That others have deceiv'd, deceiv'd may be.

Name not the Power that *Marriage Bonds* can break,
The *Sacred Tye* that Gods own hand did make;
The Laws of Nature, Heaven and Men can force,
And loose where nought but *Death* should make *Divorce*.
Legitimate Incestuous Marriages,
And can th' accursed brood to Title raise;
Much Policy doth in the Practice ly,
They'r bound to us in an *Eternal Tye*,
Whose Right and Title from our Mouths doth fly.
Name not the *Crowned Heads* that *Homage* pay,
Whose Right to *Thrones* depends upon our See,
Name not th' Incestuous House of *Austria*.

These and more which our *Doctrine* doth impart,
At which even trembling Nature seems to start;
We colour and make plausible by Art:
For each *Objection* we a *Salvo* find,
And with smooth Words stroke the affrighted Mind;
Till what at first a dreadful shape did show,
By Art and Custom doth familiar grow.

But

But this requires the highest strain of Wit,
 A Turn of Soul for which thou art not fit;
 A Scheme ne'r bred in a dull Northern Mind,
Italian all, exalted and refin'd.

Pass these with cautious Prudence; others yet
 Remain, that Fraud and Sophistry admit:
Infallibility, our darling Friend,
 The mighty Judge that all Disputes doth end,
 And doth her reign o're Heaven and Earth extend;
 Uphold the tottering Basis, if that's gone
 The gawdy Edifice will tumble down,
 The Castle yields if once this Fort be won.
 Not that we an Authentick proof can bring
 From whence first this unerring Source did spring;
 Or can point out the spot of holy ground
 Where the retired Lady's to be found;
 Retir'd, lest she by common view profan'd,
 With earthly Taint should have her Beauty stain'd;
 Wisely retir'd, as *Indian* Monarchs do,
 That rarely their Majestick presence shew,
 And by their Absence their Esteem renew.
 Not that we yet the Secret can descry,
 Whether in one, or She in more doth ly;
 Or whether she hath got Ubiquity.
 Whether in some far distant Coast she's found,
 With headlong Cliffs and Rocks incompass'd round.
 Whether i'th' Region that from Smoke is nam'd,
 Or in the Coast that is for Parrots fam'd;
 Or hid in *Bacon's* Northern Magick Coast,
 Whose first Discovery Sorcery doth boast:

*Hind and
 Parth. p. 5.
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Her

Her Mansion plac'd beneath the *Polar Star*,
The rather 'cause 'tis fix'd, and cannot err.
These petty Quarrels are not worth our pains,
Th' existence of the thing in doubt remains;
But tho' no Argument the Being prove,
If we believe 'tis so it is enough.

If but the deed is done, no matter how,
Faith makes all up when we no *Sense* allow.

What tho' the prying *Hereticks* do find
The specious *Fabrick* is but built on *VVind*;
Th' *Aereal Phantome* no Foundation gains
But in unsettled Heads and giddy *Brains*,
A *Phrensie* that in *Feverish Tempers* reigns.
That so *Chymæras* live and all the Race
That raving Minds and wandring *Tempers* trace,
That so the Monsters live, old Times in Heaven did
VVith this that *Ptolomy's Epicycles* joyn, (place.)
Their Life and Interest do in one entwine;
Both live, and for their usefulness do sway,
Forged to solve the wild *Phænomena*.

These *Sarcasms* value not, uphold its Fame,
Much Aid we from its needful Interest claim.
Some *Tempers* are so sharp, so deep, so strong,
They follow but where Reason goes along;
Are refractory, nor the Cause will yield,
Till ground is given on which belief to build.
But these are few, and for our Turn not fit,
Others of easie Minds and shallow wit,
Can easily to what others say submit.

Unable to search deep, the Wise believe,
 Say as they say, receive as they receive :
 This suits their Temper, eases them of pains,
 And is a safe retreat for shallow Brains.
 Pleas'd with the *Fraud*, they on the Guide rely,
 (For here the *Ignorant* and *Idle* fly)
 Nor can mistrust *Infallibility*.
 These are the greatest Part o' th' World, and these
 Th' Insinuating *Tenet's* sure to please.
 What though th' *Atlantians* ask where 't did remain
 When *three Infallibilities* did reign ;
 When empty Thunders in the Air did fly,
 And each his emulous *Rival* did defy.
 Each did his Foe with *Usurpation* load,
Anathemas and *Curses* flew abroad ;
 Did *Heresy* unto each other lay,
 And all th' Abettors of their Lawless sway.
 Did damn each others *Edicts*, and what one
 Condemned or absolv'd by th' other was undone.
 Sure while the *restless Ball* was wildly tost,
Infallibility i' th' Crowd was lost.
 And what misfortunes did the Souls betide,
 That did mean while want an unerring Guide ?
 VVhen such *Convulsions* did the Church molest,
 VVhere could the doubtful Soul take up her rest ?
 The Answer's easie, the Event we see,
 The *Victor* own'd *Infallibility* ;
 The End the Act with holiness impowers,
 A *Turkish Tenet* 'tis, and may be *ours*.

Leave

Leave that to me, saith *Bavius*, I will find
 Some *simile* that will i' th' case be kind,
 And cheat with superficial Wit the Mind.
 If they th' Existence of the thing require,
 Sense left, I'll to my *Metaphors* retire.
 And tho' we proof o' th' Being first should make,
 Lest we *Chymeras* for our Subj. cts take,
 With airy Notions of the School-men war,
 Dispute of things that never were nor are;
 Vainly like wilder'd men should wander round,
 Be lost in senceless shapes on *Fairy-Ground*,
 Knight Errant like, our devious Journey steer
 To seek a Prize, we know not what or where,
 And fill our empty Heads and Arms with Air.
 It is enough I tell them that I see,
 Altho' the manner still disputed be;
 And thence conclude *Infallibility*.
 We'r guided tho' the way we cannot prove,
 We'r led altho' we don't perceive we move;
 Our Faith to this sure Ankor must be ty'd,
 Altho' it can't be prov'd ther's such a Guide.

Th' Evasion pleas'd, and most believ'd 'twould do,
 For senceless *Hereticks* no Fraud do know;
 When thus the *President* did Discourse renew.
 Great Bulwark, whence our chiefeft strength doth flow,
 With Thee *Invulnerable* to our Foe,
Infallibility our God below!
 Thou Life and Vigour dost to all impart,
 Sit'st brooding upon every Child of Art.

Each Tenet doth upon thy Aid rely,
 Twin Brothers that at once do live and dy.
 On what thou set'st thy Universal Seal
 Must be believ'd, from thence lyes no Appeal.
 What e're thy Stamp for *Sterling* doth admit
 Is currant Coin, and for *belief* is fit.
 Thy Passport given there is no need of more,
 The World thy Sacred *Truth* must all adore.
 The bane of Wit and arguing thou dost come,
 Nor dost thou leave for Scepticism a room,
 Reason and Sence at thy approach are dumb.
 If thou a Virtue for a Vice dost show,
 Or say'st a Vice a Virtue is, 'tis so;
 Obey'd by all above and all below.
 On Thee our mighty Champion we rely,
 Nor can we fear while thou stand'st safe, our *Troy*.
 Cry up *Traditions*, 'tis a gawdy sale,
 And where ther's Reason wanting sways the Scale.
 Urg'd with the Witness of Antiquity,
 And the unerring Scriptures Verity,
 To these our never-failing Friends we fly.
 Unable to behold *Truths* glaring Light,
 We seek these Mists, and hide our selves in Night;
 We make the Story the Relation show,
 Tell the Tradition, and the *Truth* avow,
 Our self the Party, Judge, and Witness too.
 Brought to the Trial, we all Power cry down,
 No Touch-stone is admitted but our own,
 Even *Scripture* by *Tradition* must be shown.

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Scripture

Scripture no longer must a Rule prefer,
 But Heaven stoop down unto the Humane Bar.
 Victorious State where Rumour Conquest gains,
 And Stories from our own not others Brains!
 Who of his Cause would a decision fear,
 Were he allow'd in his own right to swear,
 Not what for Truth he did believe, but hear.
 Gain but this Point our greatest Work is done,
 One strain at this and every thing goes down;
 All that wild Heads, or raving Fancies find
 Flow from hard *Spleens*, or *Hypocondriack* Wind.
 What ever Error, Folly, Policy,
 Or Malice dictate, entertain'd shall be.
 Mountains to Mole-hills shrink, and th' Pygmy show
 To a Gigantick Monstrous shape shall grow.
 Lead to Tradition's gloomy Land, and there
 Expose to endless mists the *Wanderer*.
 'Tis a dark Coast, and full of monstrous shows,
 And deadly Pit-falls do the Borders close.
 Once in, in vain for guiding Clues men pray,
 The winding *Labyrinth* doth force a stay,
 No Light doth chear the shades, or gild the way.
 Here all Religions meet, a publick Scene
 That th' Errors doth of every Faith contain;
 All that besotted wandring *Jews* receive,
 All the *American* *Zelots* do believe,
 With which their *Pagods* do the Crowd deceive;
 All was by Ancient *Heathenism* approv'd,
 Or is by present *Paganism* below'd;

}

}

}

All *Ovid's* fruitful Brain could e're put on,
 All Follies of the stupid *Alcaron*
 Met in this *Rendezvous*, the place where all
 Embrace, agree, and into Concord fall,
 Tradition them into one Mass doth call.

Debase the Honour of the *Sacred Book*,
 A glass in which we do not care to look.
 Too true and faithful, and unus'd to ly,
 It plainly shows us our Deformity.

That Sacred Light the horrid Shades doth clear,
 Makes Error fly, and Holy Truth appear,
 And shews things as they be, the only Ill we fear.
 That *Touchstone* all false Metals will descry,
 And where else outside guilt would cheat the Eye,
 Doth the Intrinsic Worth and Value try.
 What tho' the skulking *Heretick* doth find
 Therein a Scheme of his great Master's Mind;
 Brags 'tis his dying Saviour's Legacy,
 The Treasury of Truth, of Peace, and Joy.
 That Orient Jewels in each Line beam forth,
 And shine with genuine, not with borrow'd Worth.
 That starry Characters their Light display,
 Thro' Mists and Errors point the Sacred way,
 And midst of Night and Darknes force a Day.
 Truths that Philosophy did seek in vain
 With devious Travail, and with anxious Pain,
 But ne're the Heavenly Secrets could attain.
 Knowledge so lofty, so sublime and high,
 Th' *Angelick* Forms do in the Mysteries pry,
 The *Pattern* and *Idea* of the Deity.

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That

That Faith unto this standard must repair,
And all our Deeds we by this Rule must square,
And what exceeds or doth come short doth err.

It is enough it is not for our use,
And therefore wisely we must keep it close.

The Bible, *Bavius* cry'd, it is confess'd
I've read so much of I can break a Jest,
Have learned to prophane it, but that said
For more I never did disturb my Head.
I ne're had kindness for't, and have less now,
I'll take the Counsel and improve it too.

'Tis well resolv'd, th' Adviser cry'd, and then
Thus did pursue his Argument again.
Lap't in Obscurity from prying Eyes,
The common Crowd by this may grow too wise;
And too much Knowledge learns them to despise.
Call't a dumb rule that no disputes can end,
Tho' 'tis the Message Heaven himself did send.
Say *Hereticks* from hence do claim their right,
And 'cause they see amiss, condemn the Light.
Because the Text by them's misunderstood,
Arraign the whole, deny the Rule is good.
Grant 'tis a dying Testament, yet we
Must not on what is there laid down rely,
That may bring Error: nor must be receiv'd
What's writ, but what by others is believ'd.
The expresse words must all in Vapours end,
And upon doubtful Heresie all depend.
Object the doubts have risen of *Moses* Law;
But hide the Follies that *Traditions* draw.

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How

How when the *Jews* the written Law did leave,
 And Planet-struck to Oral fiction cleave,
 Ridiculous Follys did for *Truths* appear ;
 Absur'd and raving Stories fill'd each Ear ;
 Upon *Truths Basis* monstrous shapes were bred,
 And senceless *Talmuds* in the Bibles stead.
 That did not Truth from Holy VVrit prevail,
 (So fatal 'tis without this Star to sail)
 Religion soon would dwindle to a Tale.
 Fly from that *Test* that will no *Errors* hide,
 Shun that as guilty men the *Law* avoid.

Assert the *Real Presence*, tho' there lies
 A numerous Army of Absurdities
 Marshal'd i' th' Tenet ; tho' it doth oppose
 All clearest sence, or guiding Reason knows,
 Or all that Philosophick depths disclose.
 Tho' endless War with Truth it doth commence,
 Not above only, but against all sence.
 Tho' 't make a Body take a Spirits right,
 To every part o' th' World extends its might ;
 A fair way to make matter infinite.
 Tho' beyond *Ovid's* strain the Notion's rais'd,
 Who made his Gods, and made them what he pleas'd :
 Their hungry Maws with high *Ambrosia* fed,
 Turn'd them to *Birds* and *Beasts*, but ne're to *Bread*.
 Tho' th' wise *Arabian* would not eat his God,
 But with Philosophers would make's abroad,
 Rather than tread in that inhumane road ;
 Yet 'tis of use for Show, for Pomp and State
 Will awful Reverence and Respect create.

But

But yet too gross to be *Aethereal*,
 No doubt when *India* first to *Rome* did fall,
 Embrac'd with greedy Joy by th' hungry *Cannibal*.
 Tell them 'tis safe and easie to rely
 Upon what others think, what others see.
 That would we truly see, or feel, or taste,
 Our erring Senses first must be displac'd.
 And if the ready way to Truth be sought,
 We must not by our *Sense* be rul'd, but *Thought*.
 But if the stubborn *Heretick* denys
 To lose his Taste, or to put out his Eyes,
 And urges still *Impossibilities*;
 If he from Sense or Reason want's a proof,
 Say but that God can do't and 'tis enough.

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Rail at the hated *Test*, load it with all
 Th' *Invectives* can from Rage or Envy fall.
 'Tis a curst Bar that we must first remove
 Before our Projects can successful prove.
 Lay to its charge unnat'ral Cruelty,
 Draw horrid Landskips that may fright the Eye,
 And turn't from Christian Society.
 All answers for the *Test* with Clamour drown,
 But do not name our *Inquisition*.
 'Twill put the *Test* in Countenance, and be
 For what vve hate the great'st Apology.
 The Racks, the Tortures, and th' languishing pain
 That in her secret Vaults and Caverns reign,
 The loud Convulsive Groans and Sighs that ne're
 From their dark Prisons reach a pitying Ear,
 The shrilling Cry that none but Heaven doth hear.

The

The dreadful Scene and worse Tormentors, who
Strangers to pity, no Compassion know,
Seems to out do the horrid Shades below.

The baleful look that every-thing doth wear
Will make the *Test* seem innocent and fair ;
'Twas first design'd against the *Moors* and *Jews*,
But now 'gainst *Christians* hath its fatal use.

Revile th' establish'd Church, pull down its pride,
'Tis Meritorious, *Bolzac* be thy guide.

Bolzac, that all thy Faculties did own,
For Impudence and scurrilous falshood known,
For Pride, for Want, and Irreligion.

Bolzac will Thee with virulent spleen inspire,
That banish'd twice, and thrice Apostate *Fryar*.

The way to Calumny's a beaten road,
With villanous *Aretine* make thy abroad,
Who blasted the Repute of all but God,
And he was mis'd because he knevv him not.
Her beauteous Face vvith envious Sarcasms blot,
Seen thro' thy Glasses she vvill change her hieu,
The Object, as the *Medium* is, vve vievv.

A secret Envy Beauties do attend,
All Love maliciously their Faults to' extend,
A celebrated Beauty seldom hath a Friend.
Allow she's Beauteous, but her Honour taint,
And draw a Fiend-like Visage o're the Saint.
Say she's not modest, as old Sinners use,
Who those fair ones they can't corrupt, abuse.
And since she to our Party can't be brought,
Object the *Wolf* into her Heart is got.

There's danger lest that Sect should grow too wise,
Unite their Strength when they have op'd their Eyes.
Close with their Mother whom they've long defy'd,
Own their Obedience, and abate their Pride,

}

Our Wisdom 'tis to keep the breaches wide.

Debase the Glory of her Race, tho' she

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Doth draw her sparkling *Genealogy*

In a long Series from the *Deity*.

Yet if we can but Clouds and Darknes raise,

And hide from common view her Line of Praise ;

(Night renders all things like) we soon may find

A way to stab the Glory of her kind :

And since her firm Faith to an injur'd Prince,

The World doth of her Loyalty convince :

Her Loyalty in Honours Book enroll'd,

That 'twould be an Attempt too high and bold,

E're Time had th' Memory of things eras'd,

To have the Glory of her deeds debas'd.

Confess she's Loyal, but some *Quares* put,

p. 122.

And stab her Praises with an Envious *But*----

p. 134.

And tho' there lys no reason for't, yet cry

She now repents of her late *Loyalty*.

Nor let her Sons escape from Censure free,

Invention can the room of *Truth* supply.

And if nought else a *Calumny* will bear,

p. 127.

At least lay *Luxury* unto their share :

Rail and out-face them ; but what e're befalls,

Name not the Riots of our *Cardinals* ;

Nor e're the Lazy Gluttony reveal,

With which our stupid *Monasteries* swell.

Thoughtful and dull, according to his use,
 Stood *Bavius*, proling for his barren Muse;
 Hoarding what others prodigally spend,
 When mention of the Clergy did his silence end.
 And thus he rav'd; that Task my Mind doth fit,
 My Foes shall feel the lashes of my Wit.
 A Phlegmatick dull Gown-man is a Theam
 Doth Rage and Malice o're my Fancy stream;
 Uneasie at the sight o' th' loathed brood,
 Their Coat I hate as *Elephants* do Blood.
 'Tis true I once, ('tis an unwelcome thought,
 But what their odious Race hath dearly bought,)
 Such is the fate of Poets, press'd with want,
 Did seek among their Train my Seat to plant, (grant?)
 And would you think the *Gourmands* the request would
 I that among the Stars my Head did place,
 Familiar grew with Gods, and all the God-like Race,
 And scorn'd down-ward on the Crowd to gaze.
 Did op'e the Graves of all before me tear,
 Insulted over each *Inferior*,
 Could no *Superior*, nor an *Equal* bear.
 Curse on my rigid Fate! at last that I
 By the dull Clergy should affronted be,
 That breath'd and grasp'd at *Immortality*.
 No Reverence paid to my exalted Name;
 No deep Attention to my Trump of Fame.
 That they my Life should into question call,
 Rip up my Morals, my Employment gall,
 Till I below th' Contempt of those I scorn'd did fall:

Deeply

Deeply the Wound doth bleed, nor can be cur'd
Till I've return'd the Wrongs I have indur'd.

Let *Conscience*, *Honesty*, *Religion* go,
Rather then not be avenged of my *Foe*;
I'll call them *Smell-feasts* that attend for fare;
I, that like Flies, to' every Board repair,
And vex the weary Thresholds, find them there.

p. 127. }

The Sense of *Vultures* is but dull to mine,
At farthest distance I know where they dine.
I've rob'd them of their Fame, and if I cou'd,
Such is my hate, I would substraet their Food:
Nor shall their Marriage scape, it is a state
That I for Reasons too well known do hate.

p. 21.

I have been bit, that which experience knows
Is the best Satyr, and can best expose,
I'll tax their Constancy, and say tis gain,
Not Conscience, their buoy'd Spirits doth sustain,
And he that bids the highest sways the Train.

} p. 26.

Tho' we to our Confusion have found (Ground,
Not all our Arts or force could make them quit their
Truth is a narrow bound, the daring Mind
Doth hidden Coasts and unknown Regions find.

New Rarities do in *Impostures* ly,
Affect the Mind, and chear the drooping Eye,
'Tis tiresome still to walk i' th' road of Verity.
What is most fit, not what's most true, I'll use,
(The only way of bashfulness I choose,)
And naked Truth will modestly refuse.

}
}
}

Much more Advice was ready to be spoke,
And *Bayus* more of his Design had broke;

When one with great surprize brought the report
 Of an unusual Joy in the *Atlantian* Court;
 Imperfect Rumours all about did fly,
 Some did affirm what others did decry :
 Some with design to' amuse did falshood tell,
 And some even Truth did into falshood swell :
 But that which list'ning *Bavius* most did chill,
 Was th' News that every Tongue and Ear did fill,
 Of an old Law was reinforc'd of late,
 By *Plato* made for the *Atlantian* State :
 By which that Coast must never Poets hide,
 But severe Mulcts and Sanctions do provide,
 None of the chiming Tribe do there abide.
 Various the Rumours as the Men, nor coo'd
 By th' wisest Heads the Truth be understood ;
 Till a swift Courier, brought into the Court,
 With low Obeisance thus made his Report.

Last Night while the devout *Atlantians* pray'd,
 And high Devotions at their Altars pay'd,
 With earnest and redoubled Crys implor'd
 The mighty Aid of their *Indulgent* Lord,
 An unknown Musick ravish'd every Ear,
 Inspir'd bless'd Joy, and did dispell all Fear, (near.
 No Mists could stay when th' Sun of Righteousness was
 Each Note tun'd up the Soul, calcin'd the Mind,
 Commenc'd them something more than humane kind ;
 Their very Bodies into Souls refin'd.
 Not quite in Heaven, yet then the Earth more high,
 Above the Earth, and but below the Sky ;

Half Men, half Saints, 'twixt Heaven and Earth, they try
The very Line 'twixt Men and Immortality.
Scarce more exalted Joy doth Saints possess
When they by Angels borne to Heaven do press :
Ravish'd with Hallelujahs so they ly
Embalm'd in Bliss and swallow'd up in Joy.

Long was the Rapture, till their wondring Eyes
Saw a new glorious Light adorn the Skies,
As thô among the shades another Sun would rise.
But greater was the Light, more bright the Rays,
Than ever yet adorn'd the best of Days
Since the World did her head above the *Chaos* raise;
Did other common Days as far exceed
As the first Infant-Light the *Chaos* did :
Till opening Heaven her strict embraces loos'd,
And the vast Treasure to the World disclos'd.
A numerous Host their Banners did display,
Myriads of Angels deck'd the sparkling way,
Each brighter than the Sun, who blushing fled,
And in the briny Depths did hide his head.
Such lustre their united Rays display'd,
You'd think the Earth a part of Heaven was made.
Glorious the Rays, but so benign and kind,
While other common ones do onely blind,
They fill the Eyes with wonder, and with Joy the Mind.
Before them all, but brighter far than they,
From which each did reflect his borrow'd Ray,
And with veil'd Faces did low Adoration pay ;
An heavenly Form appear'd, in whom there strove
A mixed War of Majesty and Love ;

In

In whose pure Essence wonders do intwine,
 Finite and Infinite in one do join,
 Short Time and long Eternity combine.
 His Body (for he is to Earth ally'd)
 The lower World and honour'd Mankinds Pride,
 Pure as unmixed Light was glorif'd.
 Thro' which the brightness of the *God-head* shone,
 And all with Glory *Ineffable* did Crown:
 Matter did not the *Deity* annoy,
 Nor yet the Man the *God-head* did destroy.
 Mercy and Pity grac'd his Look and Mind,
 Tender and to Compassion inclin'd,
 And his Embraces ever soft and kind.
 Wide Arms to cherish, and a list'ning Ear,
 That bows to hear and grant a Wretches prayer;
 With double Glory were his VVounds beset,
 (If Heaven degrees of Glory doth admit)
 Wounds he did for his Enemies safety get.
 Crowned Attendants did Obeysance pay,
 Martyrs and Confessors led on the way,
 And Robes of Glory did for future Conquerors stay.
 When on a sudden e're the fixed Eye,
 That view'd with Sacred earnestness the Sky,
 Could move; the glorious heavenly Guest drew nigh.
 Mov'd not as Men that by gradation go,
 But swift as Sun-beams thro' their progress flow;
 He came, and all the Court with Glory fill'd,
 And balmy Ivy on every Soul instill'd,
 No shades of Grief remain where Heaven doth gild.

But

' But who can tell the Glorys of the Day,
 ' What his *Immaculate Spouse's* rich array ;
 ' How she did with redoubled glory shine,
 ' Spotless without and Beauteous all within ;
 ' What zealous haste inspir'd her joyful feet ;
 ' When her beloved She went out to meet,
 ' VVhat eager Love did sparkle in her Eye,
 ' VVhat passionate *Zeal*, what decent *Majesty* ;
 ' VVhat chaste Embraces given and what return'd,
 ' In equal flames how both the Lovers burn'd ;
 ' Tho' more of Majesty in him did dwell,
 ' And she the more of tenderness did feel ;
 ' VVhat charming Talk the glorious meeting grac'd,
 ' VVhat tender words and sighs for dangers past :
 ' VVhat mutual Vows of everlasting Love ;
 ' What promise of Protection from Above ;
 ' How the great *Brides-groom's* glory thro' her shone,
 ' Met like two joyned Stars that seem'd but one ;
 ' What a Seraphick Love all bosoms mov'd
 ' That savv the sight, even Angels savv and lov'd.
 ' How show'ring Joys did on *Atlantis* tall,
 ' The Canopy of Heaven did shade it all,
 ' In Blessings Heaven dissolv'd did it a *Goshen* call :
 ' How a new *Edict* was proclaimed there,
 ' That under Heaven's displeasure none should dare
 ' Against her setled endless Peace to vvar.
 ' No Mortal the great Task can undertake,
 ' It onely fits a *Cherubim* to speak.

Fly

Fly, fly the fatal Land, my Eyes beheld
 The mountains all with heavenly Armys fill'd:
 Not greater the *Judean* Regions swell'd
 When the great Prophet open'd faithless eyes,
 And shew'd th' *Æthereal* Guard against their Enemies.

Th' Advice was weighty; but it was not took,
 For malice cannot upon Concord look,
 Nor can Ambition Peace and Quiet brook,
 Restless (for Rage and Envy's such) they stood,
 While bless'd *Atlantis* guarded by a God
 Safe underneath his Wing made her abroad.

FINIS.

The Author living remote from the Press, some few *Errata's* have
 pass'd in the Printing these Sheets; but being most Literals, the Reader
 is desir'd to mend them with his Pen.



